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THE *PRUSSIAN* CAMPAIGN,

A POEM:

CELEBRATING

The ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF

FREDERICK the GREAT,

In the Years 1756——57.

By *WILLIAM DOBSON*, LLB.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord Viſcount **CHARLEMONT,**

PATRON

Of Literature, Sciences, and Arts,

This Poem is Inſcribed:

An unworthy Teſtimony

Of truly affectionate and indelible Gratitude

From his Sincereſt Friend

WILLIAM DOBSON.

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord Viscount CHARLEMONT,

P A T R O N

Of Literature, Sciences, and Arts,

This Poem is Inscribed:

An unworthy Tribute

To public Honour and publick Gratitude

From his devoted Friend

WILLIAM DODSON.

THE
PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN, &c.

A PRINCE, unrival'd in puiſſant deeds,
Of nobleſt proweſs and unconquer'd ſoul,
Iſing; and with ambitious lyre this verſe
Attune to mighty FRED'RICK's honor'd name.
Bleſs'd, while my CHARL'MONT his propitious ear
Inclines, attentive to the glorious theme:
How amply bleſs'd, if, by the Bard invok'd
So oft, deſcending Health her genial balm
Would round thee pour benign, rekindling fair
Thy roſeate bloom, thou amiable Youth,
Crown'd with each virtue, with each grace adorn'd!
O that a ray of the celeſtial flame,
That erſt illum'd the animated Bard,
(Who ſung of *Eden*, and o'er *Eden*'s bow'rs

High-ſoaring, trac'd th' embattel'd Seraphim
In fiery conflict on th' ethereal plains,)
Beam'd on this breaſt: that I might ſwift purſue
Thro' every vaſt deſign, thro' every high
Emprize, the great, th' inimitable Chief.

The Muſe, in various raptures ſweetly loſt,
This ſhining path, and that, by turns ſurveys,
Bewilder'd; unreſolv'd, th' advent'rous task
Where to begin; which ſplendor firſt, which laſt,
To celebrate in ſong: his matchleſs might,
His martial diſcipline exact, or kind
Indulgence to the Brave; his active ſoul
Rapt with fierce fury thro' the glorious field,
Or ſteddieſt counſels, and deliberate care.

But hark! the trumpet's clangor rends the ſky,
And the loud clarions ſound the voice of war.
Forth iſſue *Pruſſia*'s troops, in various bands;
While theſe to *Leipſic*'s walls their rapid march
Direct, thoſe to proud *Dreſden*'s royal tow'rs.
When lo, th'impetuous monarch in juſt ire
Aroſe, and with unerring clue purſued
The wily labyrinths of th' ambitious foe,
By keen perception trac'd: and all their dark

Device, and machinations dire, diſclos'd.

Near thrice three circling years his generous Soul
Had cultivated peace, whoſe ſtudious arts
Were ſtill his dear delight: in ſtudious arts
Of peace, and martial deeds alike expert.
When rous'd at length his wrath, with various clouds
From various climes beſet, the perilous ſtorm
Soon as he ſaw concentring from afar,
Furious he flew; and borne on ſwifteſt wing,
Pierc'd the perfidious *Saxon*'s inmoſt realms.

At FREDERICK's dread advance, the tim'rous *Pole*
Inſtant the court, the capital deſerts,
Leaves his afflicted conſort, bath'd in tears,
Diſconſolate; and ſpeeds with eager courſe
His martial pow'rs to *Pirna*'s cloſe retreats:
Pirna, whoſe ſtrong-fenc'd camp acceſs defy'd,
Proud of high battlements and ramparts vaſt,
Fort above fort, impenetrably firm.
As when the tow'ring Eagle ſoars the skie,
Sublime, in numerous flocks th'aerial train
Speed their ſwift flight to many a winding cell
Deep in the caverns of ſome craggy rock,
Cleft by Time's rigid hand; there pant immur'd,

With ſhuddring wings.——Mean time the vigilant Chief
Three ſeveral hoſts their ſeveral charge aſſign'd;
There to ſecure *Sileſia*'s plains, and here
His native realms defend, ſhould *Ruſſia* pour
Th' unnumber'd legions from her fertile loins.
Himſelf the *Saxon* troops, as couch'd they lay
Wrapt in the boſom of their ſhelt'ring camp,
Nor daring to the field, with pow'rful force
Inveſts, on every hand environ'd round.

Yet ſtill the generous Prince his ire repreſs'd:
And while th'avenging ſword this arm diſplay'd,
That ſtretch'd the gentle olive forth, fair pledge
Of amicable peace. The *Pole* that pledge
Diſdain'd, thro' *Auſtrian*'s vaunted aid, ſecure.

Forthwith, from every circle, ſtem decrees, *ſtern*
Loud-echoing mandates, comminations dire,
Fraught with each pompous circumſtance of wrath,
Pour through the Empire, levelling their rage
At mighty *Brandenburgh*. In furious tides
Ruſſia rolls down her thund'ring menaces:
Whom thy vain inſolence, ſuperb *Verſailles*,
Thy haughty taunts ſucceed. He unappall'd
With ample breaſt receives th'united ſtorm:

Firm, as the ſtately promontory's height
Erect, by ſurges laſh'd on every ſide,
Foaming redundant on the big-ſwoln main:
His elevated brow o'er the mad waves
Rears it's dread honors, and diſdains their roar.
Now while the *Saxons* with their hapleſs Prince
Clung to the trenches, and the fort embrac'd,
In deep deſpair involv'd; no ſuccour nigh,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, by *Pruſſian* troops
Encompaſs'd ſore: at length th'auxiliar hoſt
From *Auſtria*'s land in numerous ſquadrons move,
Led by their mightieſt Chieftain *. Swift they march.
As ſwift great FREDERICK (whoſe quick-darting eye
No hoſtile motion ſcap'd) his troops to join
Haſtes, where experienc'd KEITH his ſtandard rear'd.
All in a moment tow'ring in the van,
Of choice battalions form'd, to *Tournitz*'s walls
He drives his rapid way. Thither anon
March his whole hoſt, in two main columns rang'd,
Obſequious to his high beheſts. Nor ſtaid
Th' impatient Heroe, till *Welmina*'s plains
He reach'd: thence to his view at once appear'd

* Count BROWN.

Auſtria's

Auſtria's vaſt pow'rs, from wing to wing diſplay'd.
E'er yet the parting Sun his weſtern goal
Attain'd, light's ſcant remains the vigorous Chief
Seiz'd, and explor'd the plains, whence to aſſail
The foe at earlieſt dawn. The night's long ſtage
His troops the rigor of th'inclement sky
With hearts unchill'd endure. He in the front,
Pre-eminent in danger and in toil,
Unmindful of repoſe, his liſt'ning bands
Inceſſant animates: with livelieſt cheer,
And with endearing accents fires their ſouls.
" My glorious partners in the bold emprize
On many a well-fought field: in me your friend,
In me your ſire behold. The morning ſun,
(Or my preſages err) ſhall ſee the plains
With *Auſtrian* corſes ſtrown. Myſelf ſhall ſhare
Each perilous attempt, each brave exploit
Witneſs, and amply recompence. Purſue
Yon path, where glory, where your country's love
Invites, and *Pruſſia*'s ſtill unſullied fame.
Thus while he ſpake, th'invigorated troops
Glow with freſh fire, and feel the gen'rous flame
Glance thro' their thrilling veins: the loit'ring Sun

They

They chide, impatient, panting for the field.
Scarce bluſh'd the morn with ſtreaks of orient day;
FREDERICK up-ſprung: with his attendant Chiefs
Led forth the valiant troops: their various bands
In ſtrong battalions regularly rang'd;
Line after line, and file ſucceeding file;
Here the right wing diſplay'd, and there the left,
Each on a tow'ring hill. In order due
Onward they march: when in broad front appear
Auſtria's equeſtrian bands, array'd for war.
" Advance (ſaid mighty *Brandenburgh*) advance;
Ruſh to the plains, and Horſe to Horſe oppoſe.
Swift they deſcend, and with impetuous force
Burſt on the foe: when from the hoſtile rear
Sudden the latent enginry diſgorge,
Hurl'd from their brazen throats, the flaming balls
Innumerable: at the dire din alarm'd
And ſtorms of thund'ring metal, back they bend
Their not imprudent ſteps: then form'd afreſh,
To the briſk charge return. Now nor the roar
Of bellowing cannon, nor inceſſant fire,
Nor wide-extended dyke, nor obvious mound
Retard: with furious onſet the fierce ſteeds

And their diſmounted warriors down they trod,
In groans expiring, weltring in their gore,
In heaps on mangled heaps o'erthrown : nor ceas'd,
Till undiſtinguiſh'd ſunk th' imperial Horſe,
All ſunk, in univerſal ruin whelm'd.

Forthwith, down-ruſhing from the mountain's brow,
FREDERICK's fierce Infantry, with furious ſpeed
Thro' iron tempeſts and thro' floods of fire,
To *Low'ſchatz*'s walls intrepid flew, aſſail'd
With unreſiſted force, th' aſtonied foe
Repell'd, and from their boaſted fortreſs drove,
With rout on rout confounded. The fell ſtroke
Vienna's General mourns, his ſcattered hoſt
Driving precipitate to *Budin*'s plains.
FREDERICK, triumphant on the foughten field
Stands, and ſurveys the ſoil, with thouſands ſlain,
And thouſands wide o'erſpred; whoſe nobler doom
The captive warriors envy and admire.
Amid the ill-ſhar'd train, gall'd at his fate,
Undaunted *Lobkowitz*'s ſuperior tow'rs
With clouded aſpect and indignant mien.

Hail, mighty *Pruſſia*, hail! With eagle wing,

Hov'ring around thee, Victory attend
Thy every march!—Beneath the hallow'd ſhade
Reſt thee awhile: thy noble toil ſuſpend:
Deign o'er thy brows to bind this laurel wreath,
Th'ambitious Muſe with pleaſing labour wove.
How did thine heart exult, when thou ſurveyd'ſt
Thy daring legions, by thy conduct fir'd,
And all thy emulous Chiefs; above thoſe Chiefs
High-blazing, as the peerleſs Star, that leads
Th'etherial hoſt o'er the wide azure pour'd,
Reſplendent train! Next thee, great BEVERN ſhone
Sublime, and darted terror on the foe,
Reflecting his illuſtrious Monarch's rays.
Nor, valiant MULLER, ſhall thy proweſs paſs
Unſung; who with reſiſtleſs might diſpers'd
Th'embattel'd ranks, like clouds of fleeting ſand
Driv'n by th'impetuous whirlwind's rapid wing.
With theſe, the tribute of th'applauding bard
Unnumber'd heroes claim, whoſe various deeds
Were long to trace. The generous FREDERICK's love
Shall crown their merits, and their glorious names
Live in the records of immortal fame.
Thence to the *Saxon* bands, in *Pirna*'s fort

Immur'd, he wings his way, bent to ſubdue
That treach'rous foe. Nor long, e'er from the camp
Th'impriſon'd ſquadrons ſtart, o'er *Egra*'s ſtreams *Elbas*
Form the bridg'd path, while ſable Night reſum'd
Her reign alternate, and th'incumbent miſts
Spred o'er heaven's face impenetrable gloom,
Deep'ning the wonted ſhades. How vain th'attempt!
Their wiles how fruſtrate! The vaſt ſummit's height,
Fronting thy turrets, *Koningſtein*, with march
Laborious as they climb, th'upriſing ſun
Shew'd them to PRUSSIA's view; whoſe ſtrong defiles
Enclos'd them round. What gleam of hope remains?
Where ſhall they fly? how force th'obſtructed way?
Aghaſt, and thunder-ſtruck, th'obdurate King
His high-ſwoln pride ſubmits, in ſuppliant terms
Sues for that peace he inſolently ſcorn'd.
Thus quell'd proud *Auſtria*, and th'ambitious *Pole*
Flung from his tow'ring hopes, the wintry ſtorms,
On bluſtring *Boreas* and bleak *Eurus*' wings
Ruſhing impetuous, with malignant blaſts
Warn to retire from forth the tented field.
His troops th' indulgent Chief, albeit inur'd
To each ſevere extreme, his well-lov'd troops

Withdraws,

Withdraws, and to his *Saxon* camp retires.

Soon as the balmy Zephyrs' earlieſt gales
Led on the genial ſpring, great FREDERICK's breaſt
Fraught with deep counſels in ſtill ſilence form'd,
Sudden unfolds. His every valiant band
Inſtant he ſummons: at his great command
Their tacit march they ſpeed; and ſwift attain
Bohemia's realm, three formidable hoſts.
This the fam'd BEVERN, that brave SCHWERIN led;
The third their Monarch's fav'rite conduct boaſts.
War ſoon reſumes his flaming torch.—Again
Imperial *Auſtria*'s congregated pow'rs
Appear, in numerous ſquadrons firmly rang'd,
A mighty hoſt: and KONINGSEGG commands.
Deep was their rear entrench'd; by village walls
Their right was ſhelter'd, by impervious woods
Encompaſs'd the left wing. Yet not the leſs
BEVERN impetuous drove his rapid bands,
By every valiant Chieftain well ſuſtain'd;
Storm'd the ſtrong covert, thro' th' intrenchments ruſh'd,
And pierc'd their denſe array. In ſudden rout
All their vaſt cavalry involv'd the Foe
Aſtoniſh'd views: while gallant LESTWITZ ſprings

Fierce and undaunted 'mid the hoſtile fire,
Swift flies thro' many a perilous defile,
And with dread chaſe purſues the timorous hoſt,
(Havoc and ruin marching in their rear)
From hill to hill in wild confuſion driv'n.

To join thee, BEVERN, bends his eager courſe
Intrepid SCHWERIN, to thy ſoul endear'd
By kindred Virtue's ever ſacred tie.
Him to enſnare, within the cover'd dale
Lurks the ſecreted foe, a numerous band!
Soon their inſidious wiles the wary Chief
Eſpied; encounter'd, and diſcomfited.
Thence his impetuous progreſs onward rolls
Wide o'er the land, unbounded, uncontroll'd,
With torrent force. Before his fiery ſword
On every hand they ſcour, nor dare confront
His mighty rage: inactive, down they throw
Their unavailing arms. The regions round
Bend to the victor, and confeſs his ſway.

Now mighty FRED'RICK with obſervant ken
Saw, where the foe their various ſquadrons drew
From the tow'rd fortreſs, and each banner'd hoſt;
Rang'd in proud pomp beneath their mightieſt Chief,

Who from the terror of dread PRUSSIA's arm
So late retreated, with ſad overthrow
Gall'd, on *Welmina*'s memorable plains:
Yet dares again, by conſcious valour fir'd.
Again his thundring arm dread PRUSSIA rears.
Impatient of delay, with inſtant march
O'er *Moldaw*'s ſtreams he paſs'd: when lol in camp
High-fenc'd, by nature's favour and by art
Strong-cover'd, deep-entrench'd, and proudly deem'd
Impregnable, th' imperial Army lay,
Much glorying in their ſtrength, in numbers far
Superior. Still undaunted his bold march
FRED'RICK purſues: He nor their 'vantag'd ground,
Nor high-fenc'd camp, nor trenches deep regards,
Nor numbers far ſuperior. On he leads
To the fierce combat his courageous bands.
They, by their Monarch's voice, (that fav'rite voice,)
Enliven'd, joyous ſpring, with ſweet preſage
Of victory; their ſtandards wide unfurl'd
In awful pomp, with rich emblazonry
Of vivid colours, ſtreaming to the wind:
And o'er the horrent plain of glitt'ring ſteal
A wavy Harveſt formidably gleam'd,

In-

Innumerable faulchions, the ſun's blaze
(Oft as his radiant beams from fleecy cloud
Emerg'd) reflecting fierce with burniſh'd ſheen;
E'er long to be imbru'd in *Auſtrian* gore.
Nigh to the foe advanc'd, each Warrior brave,
Commanders, and Commanded, with like zeal
Inflam'd, and emulation high, contend,
Who firſt ſhall the untrodden path explore,
Who tempt the mariſh, who the threat'ning mound
Clime hazardous, plunge thro' the hoſtile fire
Foremoſt, and burſt their ferried files. Now 'gan
The onſet dire, enkindled at th' alarm
Of drums loud-thundring, and the trumpet's clang
Sonorous. Fierce the conflict rag'd 'twixt hoſt
And hoſt: The field throughout, was ſeen no glimpſe
Of daſtard fear: each nobly ſignaliz'd
Their valorous ardor. Front to front they met,
Warrior with warrior clos'd, and ſteed with ſteed
In ſtern encounter. The hoarſe cannon's voice
Echoes with bellowing roar: redundant ſmoke
Pours o'er the envelop'd ſky, with horrid flaſh
Pierc'd frequent, and quick glance of ſulph'rous flames.
Swift thro' the ranks undaunted FRED'RICK ſprung,

High

High brandiſhing his faulchion, *Auſtria*'s dread,
From wing to diſtant wing unwearied flew,
Now in the Van, now Rear: on ev'ry part,
Thro' each viciſſitude, each varying ſcene,
With ſplendid conduct, animating ſounds,
And brave example, his obſequious bands
Inſpir'd, directed, inſtigated, cheer'd,
And all his various pow'rs by turns diſplay'd:
Fervid, yet vigilant; with temper'd fire
Guiding the rapid war's alternate reins.
On every part his victor arm prevails.
At length o'erpow'r'd, diſcomfited, recede
Auſtria's faint troops, abandoning the field
Drench'd in their ſlaughter'd friends' commingled blood.
How ſhall the Muſe the wondrous havoc paint,
The various images of horror trace
O'er the wide champain? Now fierce-iſſuing balls
Swept mighty numbers: now th'impetuous ſword
Clove with keen edge the tortur'd foe in twain.
Thro' many a valiant breaſt with adverſe ſtroke
Pierc'd the ſharp wound, and fix'd a glorious ſcar.
Here from the quiv'ring trunk the ſever'd head
Swift flies: here the lop'd limbs their lord deſert,

His agonizing groans, and fruitleſs plaint
In the rude clamor drown'd. With giant ſtrides
Death travers'd the dread plain, with all his pomp
Of terrors, and each ghaſtly form, enclos'd.
What multitudes, great FRED'RICK, by thy arm,
Thy juſt avenging arm, what crouds on crouds
Deſcended to the baleful realms of night,
E'erwhile with *Auſtrians* throng'd! of adverſe ſtars
There jointly they complain, their mutual woe
Sooth with condolence bland, and interchange
Sad gratulation: ſoon with gloomy joy
Hailing their mightieſt Chieftain, new arriv'd,
Thy great Antagoniſt; who gor'd with wounds
On the ſame fatal plain (heart-piercing wounds,
That barr'd each glorious proſpect of renown)
At length groan'd forth indignant his high ſoul,
In *Prague*'s vain-ſhelt'ring walls—Th' illuſtrious Shade
Stalks on, nor deigns return th' unwelcome *Hail.*

Paſs we theſe dolorous regions, chearful Light
Reviſiting; with wonder to ſurvey
The living monuments of PRUSSIA's fame:
The thouſands foil'd, who yet this vital air
Breathe, and in thraldom grace the Conqueror's train,

Re-

Lo what unnumber'd Trophies, what rich Spoils
Torn from the graſping foe, the ſolemn pomp
Attend: their raviſh'd Enſigns, wav'd ſublime,
With ſplendid painture floating thro' the air,
Diſplay puiſſant FREDERICK's ample fame.
See how th' imperial Cannon, many a row,
Move in ſlow pageantry; their brazen throats
Silenc'd, till FREDERICK bid them the dire roar
Renew, and on their late Poſſeſſors proud
Pour the retorted rage.—Yet 'mid this Scene,
In all thy height of luſtre, matchleſs Prince,
To check thy triumph with th' ingenuous tear
Due to the Mighty ſlain, on the dread plains
Where gaſp'd whole ſquadrons of th' expiring Foe,
Fell valiant SCHWERIN, by each virtuous breaſt
Lov'd and lamented: glorioufly he fell,
With many a Chieftain of exalted name
Accompanied; who prodigal of life,
Pour'd in their Country's cauſe their generous blood.
Auſtria's deep conſternation and diſmay,
(Of every aid, of her whole camp bereft)
What tongue can utter? Or what pow'r deſcribe
FREDERICK's vaſt victory?—But other Scenes

Ariſe, of different hue. O hadſt thou ne'er
Deſerted *Prague*'s 'ſieg'd walls, to charge the foe
High-poſted on th' aerial mountain's brow,
With legions heap'd on legions, firm array'd
Beneath th' imperial DAUN! Forgive the Muſe,
Great Chief, who with thy ſundry glories charm'd,
Yet void of adulation, while ſhe ſtrives
With fainteſt pencil to delineate
Shadowy thy godlike virtues, paints thee *man*;
The wiſeſt of whoſe race, diſcreeteſt, beſt,
'Mid all his ſhining faculties betrays
Some tincture of th' impure alloy, deriv'd
From his frail Anceſtor.—Sagacious DAUN
With ſkill th' important ſituation choſe;
And look'd diſdainful down. Tho' fierce defiles,
Tho' thund'ring batteries intercept the way,
Undaunted FREDERICK with his furious hoſt,
Thro' thund'ring batteries and thro' fierce defiles,
Up the ſteep cliff his arduous road maintain'd.
Thrice he aſſay'd the *Auſtrian's* pow'rful wing
To burſt; repell'd them thrice; yet thrice return'd.
Then calm receding with ſerene retreat
Soft he deſcends to the ſubjacent vale,

(Where

(Where *Elbe* her liquid courſe obliquely rolls
Meand'ring) unretarded, unpurſu'd.
Soon *Ruſſia*'s legions (from her populous clime
With tardy ſteps advanc'd) their ling'ring march
Accelerate, and FREDERICK's realms invade.
Thus tho' inſulted, the conſiderate Chief
With terms of mild compoſure deigns invite
Moſcow's imperial Queen his plan t' embrace,
Surceaſing hoſtile rage; and war's dire flames
Extinguiſhing, o'er harraſs'd *Europe* pour
The ſalutary boon of proſp'rous Peace.
His generous terms diſdain'd, his pow'r defy'd,
His territories ſpoil'd, war he declares
Immediate; truſting in his righteous Cauſe,
And Heav'n's protecting Arm. LEWHALD led on
The ſquadrons, and encounter'd more than twice
His force, entrench'd on tow'ring hill ſecure.
Nathleſs he vigorous charg'd; their foremoſt lines
Burſt, and on every hand deſtruction dealt
Wide-waſting. Yet, leſt the ſuperior Foe
Cruſh his brave hoſt, by the unfriendly ſite
Diſfavour'd, by enormous multitudes
Oppreſs'd, to *Velau*'s camp the Chief mature

Retreated, unrepulſed. The *Moſcovites*
Diſmay'd, nor ſtudious of purſuit, lament
Their thouſands ſlaughter'd and, their * General thrall'd.
Now in their ſeveral camps each Hoſt enwrapt
Retire; and War's tremendous thunder reſts
Suſpended: when at once, their ſudden flight
Aſſaying, *Ruſſia*'s troops with rapid ſpeed
Scud as precipitant, as ſlow they' advanc'd
E'erwhile.—But lo! the fierce confed'rate Pow'rs,
Vaunting uniting terrors, onward move
Under their gallant Leaders, great SOUBISE
And HILDBURGHAUSEN. Their proud threats t'opppoſe
FREDERICK delay'd not: his aſſembled troops
He rang'd in juſt array, and thus addreſs'd:
" My Friends, my Warriors brave!—The Foe's advanc'd;
PRUSSIA ſhall meet them. Haſte we to the field.
With you your FREDERICK conquers or expires.
Think how we've fought! what glorious laurels won!
Think on the equitable plea, that drew
Theſe valiant ſwords, and vindicate the cauſe:
God be our Guardian, Confidence and Shield.
He ended; on he led his valiant files

* General *Lapuchin.*

Dauntleſs,

Dauntleſs, and bade them ſtorm the adverſe wing:
But on the edge of onſet (his quick eye
Determining) inſtant as lightning's glance,
Invert they their poſition, leſt the foe
Surround them unaware. Now *Pruſſia*'s Horſe
Spring furious on the *Gaul*, in front direct
Oppos'd, of vaſt immeaſurable depth;
The *Gaul* as furious, the brisk charge receive
With equal brav'ry. Long in dubious ſcale
Hung the fierce Conflict: till the *Gallic* bands
Swerv'd; to the neighbouring ſummit's refuge flew,
And recent form'd. FREDERICK their rallied force
Soon diſarray'd, and with purſuit ſevere
Drove, as the Lion drives his trembling chace.
Then from each hoſt the Cannon's bellowing voice
Inceſſant roar'd. *Pruſſia*'s bold infantry
Ruſh forth, and battery after battery gain.
With ſtorms impetuous and unwearied fire
Rage their artillery, on either wing
The foe ſore galling: till, conſtrain'd, they ſpeed
Their ignominious flight, with foul defeat
Confounded, and in ruin dire involv'd.
And, but the Sun now prone deſcended ſwift

To th' Ocean waves; and all-involving night
Threw her deep-ſhaded mantle o'er the plains,
Fav'ring their trepid flight; of that vaſt hoſt,
Who ſpread at morning dawn their vaunted files
So proud, how few had from the deathful field
Return'd, to tell the melancholy tale.

Thou Miracle of Chiefs! And will our Sons
Believe, by ſtoried Chronicles inform'd
How *Brandenburgh*'s illuſtrious Prince, with force
Immenſely diſproportionate, ſubdu'd
Thouſands on thouſands of confederate Hoſts?
What numerous ſquadrons of the ſlaughter'd foe
Fell in their prime of Youth: Of *Pruſſian* blood
How ſlight th' effuſion: what redundant tides
Of captiv'd troops the Victor's camp o'erflow'd.

The generous FREDERICK his triumphant joy
Attempers ſweet with piety humane
For guiltleſs Widows and for Orphan babes,
Thus multiplied by his victorious arm.
Nobly compaſſionate to the fallen foe,
With blandeſt treatment he beguiles their pain,
Pours the ſoft balm in their freſh-bleeding wounds;
And bids Captivity' her dejected head

Rear,

Rear, and unbend her brow with grateful ſmile.
Now ſhall the humbled *Gaul* his vaunts ſuſpend;
And *Moſcow* tremble at the *Pruſſian* name.
Auſtria has felt, by oft repeated ſcourge,
What martial diſcipline effects; what the wiſe Chief's
Aſſiduous Care: how fires each manly breaſt
To bold emprizes FREDERICK's generous Soul,
His fond Affection and paternal Love,
In boundleſs ſtreams impartially diffus'd.
And thou, ambitious POLE, thy lawleſs pride
Repreſs; nor with vain arrogance aſpire,
Graſping at alien realms: With wiſer aim
Guard well thy own, and to fair Truth adhere.
Hark how the Sons of *Albion*'s glorious Iſle
Tune in harmonic choir the Conqueror's praiſe!
Thee, FREDERICK, all her gliſt'ning cliffs reſound,
Thee her gay vallies, thee her moſſy caves;
And grove to grove repeats the pleaſing ſong.
Britannia, reſting on her ported ſpear,
Majeſtic ſmiles; and with the pleaſing ſong
Enraptur'd, venerates the Prince, ſo bright
Reſembling her lov'd Lord; to valorous GEORGE
In magnanimity, as in blood, allied.

Still

Still other wars, ſtill other triumphs riſe.
The Muſe, unequal to the arduous task,
Breathleſs purſuing her unwearied Chief
From plain to tented plain, at length retires.
O could ſhe from the turmoils of the field,
The clang of trumpets and the cannon's roar,
Convey thee, FREDERICK, to thy dear Retreat, †
Wrapt in the arms of Peace! In ſweet repoſe
There would the royal Bard thro' echoing ſhades
With other notes than theſe, with loftier ſtrains
To his reſounding lyre, hymn the great POW'R,
Whom ever he adores with filial love,
And reverential awe: Whoſe out-ſtretch'd arm
Bows down th' obdurate fierceneſs of the proud,
Th' un-ambitious rears; Who with a breath
Wields all the thunder of the various war,
OMNIPOTENT; and with his ſovereign nod
The fate of mightieſt Monarchies decides.

† POTSDAM.

FINIS.